

Birds' Wonderful Forethought. In a small Connecticut village a pair f sparrows made their nest in a treand their work on their home was atched with interest by many people. Between two wooden factories are a pond and a mill-race. The water in the latter runs very swiftly. Beside the upper mill and leaning over the race is a small tree its branches bending almost to the surface of the waters.

The sparrows were noticed closely examining the tree, and shortly after the inspection they were seen constructing a nest in a fork in one of the branches directly over the race. Hundreds of eyes watched the birds at work from the windows of the factory. The spot where the sparrows' home was being built was so exposed and yet so inaccessible it was safe from the small boy and the prowling pussy.

When the nest was almost completed, those who happened to be watching the birds saw them suddenly quit work. They chirruped for a few moments and then began to remove the nest, bit by bit. The nest was discovered later in a thick clump of alders a short distance from terra firma.

It was self evident that the first idea of the birds had been to place their nest out of harm's way. The rushing waters of the mill stream made their home safe. The sparrows must have looked into the future and thought of the time when their little ones would be learning to fly and to what would occur to them if they fell into the swiftly running waters.

Mr. Redsquirrel.

Mr. Rersquirrel came home late that evening, and Mrs. Redsquirrel naturally wanted to know why.

"My dear," he spluttered, "I'd have been home a long time ago; but just as I came to the foot of our tree there was old Mrs. Hen squatting among the roots, with her little ones playing in the grass about her. I tried to explain courteously; but she is not like you, my dear, she wouldn't listen to reason. She thought that I had come to kidnap one of her darlings. 'Cut, cut, cut, cut, and run!' she cried; and she looked so angry and there were little red rings around her eyes, and her feathers were all fluffed up.

"I didn't know what to do. The Greyfur's dooryard, as you know, my dear, is nearest to our own; but I hardly like to climb up their tree, as our families have not been on squeaking terms since the fight last February. But while I was pecking from behind a big plantainleaf, and trying to muster up courage to make one dash for home, risking the terrible tallons and beak, to my great relief I heard Mrs. Hen calling her little ones to come to bed. And they came up out of the grassnot nearly so steady on their little legs, my dear, as our babies- and nestled beneath her, and when I thought it was quite safe I tiptoed out from my hiding place.

"Yes. Mrs. Hen's eyes were closed, quite closed; and she was quietly sleeping. So I just gathered my limbs together, and sprang clean over her, landing on the bark of the tree with claws outstretched; and she jumped up in a rage as I whizzed by, but it was too late. And, if you listen, my dear, you can still hear Mrs. Hen scolding me down below there for showering her with little pieces of bark as I scampered up the trunk."-Christian Register.

Aprons for Little Girls.

When the little girls wear aprons nowadays they never give a thought to how ornamental or becoming they are, but they put them on because mamma or nurse wishes to protect their pretty clothes, but when there is company in the parlor and mamma sends for them, the aprons are laid aside, and there they are in their nice fresh dresses, unhurt by their romp-

But long ago, when their greatgrandmothers were young, aprons were considered a very important piece of clothing. No lady's wardrobe was complete without a goodly supply of aprons. They were made by the dozen in every style and design-gold and vilver brocade aprons, aprons wrought with gold, "minute" aprons worn it that good old-fashioned dance and coquettishly trimmed with bows and lace to suit the fancy of the wearer, and there was gauze aprons and lawn embroidered aprons, and lessons were given and patterns sold for embroidering them.

There is no telling how long ago aprons came into fashion; they were doubtless among the many things that came from England in the Mayflower. Queen Anne wore them, and, of course, her loyal subjects followed her example, and it is probable that the early colonial dames put them to sterner use

in the pioneer days. If some enterprising person undertook to hunt up and classify the vartous styles of aprons he would find his work as difficult as the compiling of a dictionary.

They have been put to so many uses requiring variety in size and shape that volumes might be written about hem. Ladies and children alike wear them even now, but the days of ornament are over-the apron of fashion is no more.-New York Tribune.

Adopted the Fashion. There are imitators everywhere, but the dog, whose doings are recorded in Popular Science News was possibly one of the best canine mimics on record. | know.-New York Times.

His name was Scot, and he was a puppy newly introduced into a certain family circle. In a neighboring house lived Rab, a dog that had grown to an age of dignity and responsibility.

At first the older dog ignored the puppy, which in appearance was almost an exact counterpart of himself. Then the two became firm friends. Scot was an attendant waiting on Rab's every movement. They ate together, slept together and hunted together.

They were also as one in barking at passing teams. Now barking at times was forbidden, and brought many whippings; but the temptation was strong, and the master and mistress were not always present. The sight of the hose cart whirling past one day, with rattle and clatter, was a challenge which no high-spirited dog could resist. It gave Rab an opportunity to show his young friend how close to a flying hose-cart it is possible to run with impunity. Alas for his pride! He ran an inch too near or the car swerved slightly, for the wheels passed over one of Rab's paws. Although the injury was scientifically treated. Rab was ever after forced to go on three legs, and hold the injured paw suspended. Now appeared Scot's imitative pow-

ers. He noticed Rab's changed method of locomotion, and, like the thorough courtier he was, immediately adopted the new gait. He was so clever in his imitation that it was difficult to tell which dog went lame from necessity and which limped because he thought it desirable and graceful. Close observation, however, showed that Scot's shapely paw lacked the helpless hang of the older dog's wounded member, and that the saucy cock of his ears was at variance with the mournful hang of Rab's.

Scot was a consistent cheat, always holding up the same paw that Rab did, and never forgetting his voluntary lameness except on occasions of great excitement, when he was in too great a hurry having four legs, to confine himself to the use of three.

When Helena Was Puzzled.

"You couldn't help loving little Helena, even if you tried, she is so sweet and lovable and loving. And just because she is so sweet and lovable and loving nobody ever tries. One of the sweetest things about little Helena is here sincere unselfishness, and the way she tries to make other people happy. One of the things that trouble her most is the knowledge that all the little girls in Chicago cannot have the nice, pretty, comfortable garments and trifles her parents so dearly love to buy for her. If she had her way-but listen to what she did last week.

Last Monday her mother went shopping, and when she came home she brought for Helena one of the dearest, prettiest little fur sets-muff and collar and little fur-trimmed mittens-you can think of. And the pretty things were as warm as they were charming. Helena fairly danced the first time she put them on, she was so delighted.

Then Wednesday came, and the washerwoman. And when the washerwoman's little girl came, about 5 o'clock, to walk home with her mother she had no muff, no mitten and nothing at all about her neck, she was so cold and shivering that the sight of her worried little Helena terribly. So Helena left the candy she was making and flew off upstairs in search of her new fur "pretties." That evening when Helena's mother came back from another shopping trip Helena told her that she had given the new "pretties"

"Jessie needed them worse than I did, mother," said Helena, earnestly.

"We will give the poor child something else to keep warm with," said Helena's mother, "but I can't let you give those things away dearie. I had only just bought them for you."

"But she took them away with her, mother," cried Helena. "She must have done for I gave them to her mother, and just rushed out of the kitchen so that she couldn't give them back to me. And it seems as if it would be just awful to make her bring them back."

"Well, well, well!" said Helena's mother. She really couldn't think, of anything else to say.

But next morning she sent a little note to the washerwoman, explaining that she would like to see her, and the washerwoman called on her way home that night.

"It's about those furs you'll be wantin' to see me, ma'am," she said quietly. "Sure I clean forgot to say a word to anyone about them, but I couldn't let my gurl take them from your dear little baby. So I slipped them inside the top drawer of the kitchen dresser, ma'am, an' there you'll find them!"

And there they were sure enough when Helena's mother went to look for them, and when she took them out of the drawer she couldn't help thinking of the poor little girl to whom Helena had tried to give them, and-well, I dare say you can guess what happened, can you not?

She made the washerwoman take them home to her little girl after all, and the next day she went down town and bought another set for Helena, and Helena who is doing without the new doll buggy that had been promised her to pay for them, likes the last set much better than she did the first. Don't you think you'd be likely to feel that way if you were in Helena's place?-Chicago Record-Herald.

The Very Cream, Friend-You had a very fashionable audience, didn't you?

Pianist-Yes, at one time there was not a single person in the room who was listening .- Somerville, Mass., Journal.

A Matter of Age. Grace-This photograph makes you

look so old. Gladys-Yes, it is an old picture, you



Why Marriage Fails.

A girlish young wife he would take,
But he found he had made a mistake,
When he asked her for bread
And she gave him instead
The biscuits she then tried to bake.
—New York Press.

Musical Criticism.

The Calf-"Moo!" The Bird-"What a powerful bass voice, but entirely untrained! He ought to take singing lessons."-Puck



"Have you a letter from your last employer?"

"Yes'm. But don't believe a word she says in it; she never was a truthful woman."-New York Journal.

Hard Luck.

Hewitt-"It's sad about Gruet losing his leg in that railroad accident." Jewett-"Yes; it must be a great disappointment to him; he was always talking about 'getting there with both feet." "-Brooklyn Life.

An Opening For Revenge. Harry-"Harriet, don't you be so haughty with those people next door!" Harriet-"Why not?"

Harry-"First thing you know they'll offer cook a dollar more and get her away from us."-Puck.

Poor Human Nature.

Jaggles-"How can a doctor, for business reasons, afford to tell his patients what things to do in order to keep in good health?" Waggles-"Easy enough. He knows

they won't do them."-New York Sun. Realism.

"Do you believe in realism in the drama?" asked the friend.

"I do," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "Many is the time I would have given a great deal to play Macbeth with a real banquet."-Washing-

Sufficiently Equipped. "My wife speaks several languages," said the young married man proudly.

"That would be a waste of time for Henrietta," answered Mr. Meekton. "She has a faculty of making herself thoroughly understood in English."-Washington Star.

Two Types.

"I suppose you rejoice with the rest of us in seeing the grass come up to welcome the smile of the vernal sun-

"Of course I do," answered the man with the thin lips; "mowing the lawn at 6 a, m, is the principal fun I get in life."-Washington Star.

Temptation.

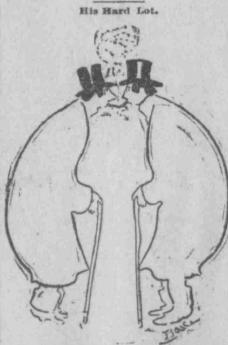
"What we want," said the earnest man, "is a ballot that is absolutely incorruptible."

"That's right." answered Senator Sorghum, "and the only way to secure it is to bring up a generation of voters who won't be forever tempting us politicians to buy 'em."-Washington Star.

The Pet Dog's Airing. First Nurse Girl-"Seems to me y'r

putting on a heap o' style drivin' in the park with a moneygrammed kerriage, and coachman and footman, too. Does y'r missus lend ye her private rig?" Second Nurse Girl-"She sends me to take her pet dog out fer an airin'." "But where's the dog?"

"Under th' seat."-New York Weekly.



"Hear about poor Astorbilt?" "No."

"His father's cut him off with only five billions."-Life.

A Fair Business Woman. Mrs. Twitter-"Oh, I've no patience with my husband sometimes. He says that women have no heads for business."

Mrs. Flutter-"And after the splendid work you have done at our church Where is the man, I'd like to know, who could sell goods at 300 per cent. profit? Women have no heads for business, indeed!"-Boston TransB. B. B. CURES ECZEMA.

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